
CONTROVERSY

A Western Viewpoint on Men and Affairs

December 14, 1934

Maynard Dixon Still Paints Indians

notes JOSEPH DANYSH

Art Controversy Flares Up

LINCOLN STEFFENS
JACQUELINE DURANT

ANNE NASH
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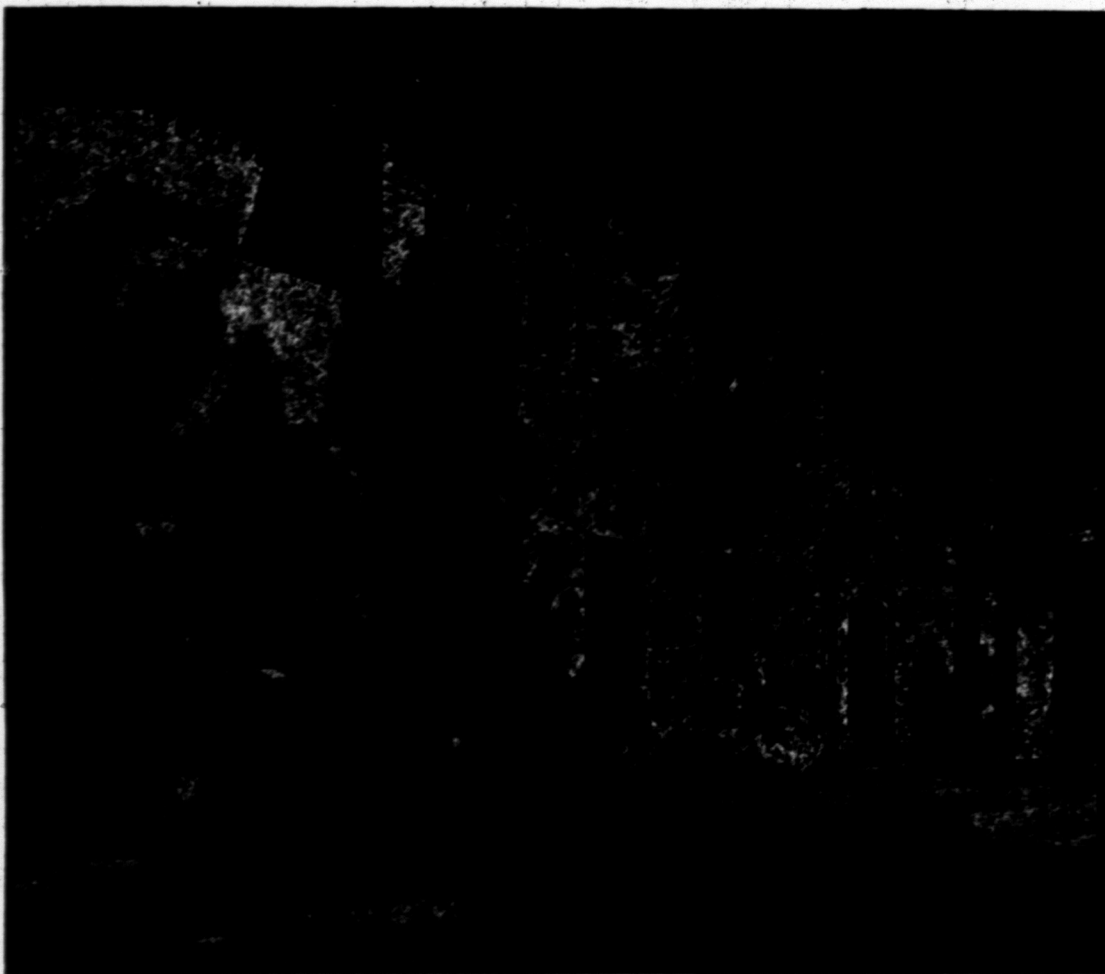
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A Western Viewpoint on Men and Affairs

VOL. I

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1934

NUMBER 8

Notes and Comment

A^{RT.} What does it mean? What is the mental re-action to the word? To a preponderately large percentage of people it means pictures.

It also means something else to these people generally which has nothing to do with its actual definition as a term. It means mystery, uncertainty, embarrassment, inarticulation, debate and controversy. Above all, it means controversy. And it means controversy that apparently gets no where and has gotten no where in the eons of time since first man started to make pictures. Chances are, as evidenced by the present altercations on the subject, it will be a long, long time before it does get any where, or decide anything.

There are two branches, or categories, of discussion in regard to art, as limited to its meaning as pictures. One is among those who quite boldly lay claim to knowing all about it, and the other among those who admittedly know nothing about it at all. When one of the first group encounters a member of the second nothing happens except secret thoughts which center around the word "dumb" in one mind and "goofy" in the other.

The first group can make the welkin ring with opinions and convictions, personalities, recriminations, charges and counter-charges.

Quite unperturbed on the walls above both groups hang the Michaelangelos, the Rembrandts, the Cezannes, the Manets, the Keiths, the Gauguins, the Taylors, the Whistlers, the O'Sheas, the Gainsboroughs, the Parrishes, the Millets and the Matises, silently checking off their cohorts and noting those they strike dumb, not so much in admiration, but in wonder. There are, here and there, occasional laughs and sneers, but these are not recorded.

In the first group I mentioned—those who claim to know all about art—there are a very large and, apparently growing number, who are the biggest frauds in the world. They are the ones who see art with their ears instead of their eyes, as someone has so aptly put it. They actually don't know what it is all about. An 'Annunziation,' out of drawing, out of perspective, and in violation of all rules of symmetry we learned at school, is the subject of considerable gushing on the part of this tribe. They have

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a difficult time when they get tangled with someone who really does know. It isn't that they have mistakenly admired the "Annunziation" of somebody or other, but they take a chance on why it should be admired and they are a mile off the mark. These people make a spectacle of themselves. Golden silence should be their forte, but they miscue.

But there are the honest, the sincere. Some of them we recognize and some of them we are not certain about. In the art of painting, more than in any other, we speak of experts in criticism; those who have a "right" to express their opinions; those who, it is assumed, speak with authority. That eliminates many who speak from emotional reaction; who have very little idea of the technique of the thing, of the measurements of it, I might say. These are limited to "It's delightful," "It's beautiful" and "It's interesting" and there is nothing in these of value. In modern emotional expression we have "It does something to me," and that is the most disgusting of all.

But what about art? What is modern art? What are art patrons and who are they, and have they a right to be art patrons, and should there be more art patrons?

Beatrice Judd Ryan of San Francisco, in *CONTROVERSY* November 30, wrote "Snobs of Art" and there have been repercussions. In this issue of the magazine the matter has reached a contro-

versy. In this issue we have Anne Nash, Joseph Danysh, Harold L. Mack, Jacqueline Durant—we even have Lincoln Steffens—saying something about it, all according to their lights. It is up to you to measure the lights.

But the discussion arouses interest in a subject that refuses to reach the threadbare state. We give you, therefore, in this issue, the controversy on art. It cannot be said to bring the matter any nearer a decision; it must be confessed that it handles the subject from varying angles and without that coherence in which groups or individuals would attack say, the problem of taxation, or sewer systems, or disarmament. But art is like that; it not only baffles decision, but it baffles coherence in criticism, each one's cross purpose is a conviction to him.

This, then, is *CONTROVERSY*'s first concerted controversy. Others are to follow. In the next issue the sword-play will be around Free Speech and in a subsequent issue around the Townsend Plan. This does not mean that the magazine will be devoted each week to a controversy on one subject, but will carry that controversy and on other pages provide new and varying subjects out of which controversy may come.

—W. K. B.

An Appreciation

IT is my opinion, very privately expressed, that Mary Garden took us all for a ride last Monday night at Sunset auditorium. Albeit, it was a most amusing and a most entertaining ride. It started by being merely amusing, hilariously so, but, artist as she undeniably is, Mary Garden built up the drama and finally left us a bit breathless, not so much from the the physical toll of merriment, but inarticulate expression of an appreciation of a job damned well done.

I am not talking about Mr. Dansereau or Mr. Debussy or Mr. Steinway. I am talking about an elocutionary bit, between the acts. We saw an old lady (older than God, somebody said) skitter out before us in an absurdly encompassing gown of spangles and start a stunt that appeared at the outset to be one of those catastrophes of life. Actually there were some in that audience who felt that they had been let in on the climax of a great tragedy at the cheap price of a con-

cert ticket. Were they fooled—and how!

Before Mary Garden was through we weren't quite certain, many of us weren't, whether the laugh was on us or on Mary. With my supreme powers of comprehension I knew where the laugh was before I left the auditorium. Mary Garden started to hand us something we were just determined not to take seriously, and she made us like it and take it mighty seriously; indeed. I ask those of you who were there: Have you a vivid picture of Debussy in your mind? Can you understand Lily? Haven't you indelibly in your possession a drama of life, of rare emotional conflict, of a reality that surpasses all fiction you ever read?

Who gave it to you?

A jittery old lady, in tights borrowed, it seemed, from the gent on the flying trapeze.

You who understand and appreciate Debussy's music got much more than your money's worth in that alone. We who can't reach up to Debussy got something priceless, too.

We got an artist who wrote a book for us with a remarkably flaming pen.

* *

And Mary Garden, herself, took a ride Monday night. She was driven from Peter Pan Lodge to the stage entrance of the auditorium. The quite-conscientious traffic cop would have none of this car and moved it on. "But we have Miss Garden," he was told. This flabbergasted him, but he was equal to technicalities, or traffic amenities.

"Going to unload her here?" he asked.

Miss Garden heard this and fell back into the upholstery of the rear seat. She laughed.

"This is the first time," she said, "that I have been compared to a case of gin. All right," she added, throwing out her arms, "Unload me." —W. K. B.

* * * *

A FRAUD

The economic system under which we work has been shown up by the world's crisis as a pretentious fraud which has robbed Humanity of its fair share of the good things which science has produced in abundance for the benefit of Mankind.

—LLOYD GEORGE

* * * *

INCREDIBLE

It is quite an incredible thing, though it is true, that you should have an organization not responsible to anybody, not elected by anybody, not dismissable by anybody, which has supreme control over trade and prosperity and industry by its control of this thing that we call money.

—C. H. DOUGLAS

Lincoln Steffens Avers:

SNOBs of art are but one of many kinds of snobs. They occur in all forms of modern life, in politics, in business—everywhere. A policeman who will crack down on a worker's head and touch his cap to an employer, is a snob. A Communist who is snooty to a Socialist is a snob. But snobishness is only a flower of what is really the matter. A flower of the same matter that makes a picture buyer or a cop who chooses the head he will hit a snob. It is all right to pick and choose; it's the source of the criterion that is at fault. Snobbery among baseball fans is fine; they know the game. Art fans in the middle ages knew the art game, I take it. They seem to have known when a painter put his color over the plate. If we could sense what a painter was trying to say with colors we would be able to choose painters and paintings who can say it or come near to saying it. It isn't wrong to be a snob; what is wrong is what we are snobs about. In a word, snobishness is an art, too, or a criticism of art.

And the cure is—you need not believe this—economics, just as in poverty, or riches, or in any other snobbery. So saying I pass the controversy on to all the other, lesser snobs; I have no sense of inferiority, myself, to any of them.

* *

The city manager cure for bad municipal government is being forcibly recommended by John T. Flynn, who has discovered and now presents a picture of it in Cincinnati. We have it in Monterey, other cities have tried it, sometimes with satisfaction, sometimes with disappointment. The Germans, who invented the device in the first place, are no longer proud of it. Some of my colleagues on the old McClure's magazine used to urge me to study the city manager and the commission form of government and I would not do it because, as I saw it, those forms—no form of government had anything to do with our political corruption. I think the opposite idea is derived from another American fallacy: that business is better managed, better governed than a state or a city.

* *

A few years ago, when I was in Soviet Russia, it seemed to me that the government and Communist public opinion were becoming liberal, and the cause of this loosening up was a growing sense of security. It was not a law, not even a policy, no, the new economic system was

established, the big political change had been turned and all was well. The Bolsheviks could rest, the people could work and play in peace. And I remember that, half laughing, I warned the leaders whom I met, to look out. "Liberalism," I said, "is not really a law and a policy. It cannot be achieved by enactment in a constitution, as we Americans and English think. It has to be founded deep in your economic system and then, when you all feel that it is planted deep in your customs, in your habits of mind, then you can gradually relax your vigilance. But gradually, very slowly. The tendency, the natural human disposition will be to stand up suddenly and walk forth free men. For Liberalism is natural; discipline is not natural, but freedom is as native as, say, carelessness. And as dangerous."

The Communists knew the truth of what I said, but they laughed and held down only the party members and their enemies. They went on liberalizing Russia. It was almost impossible to keep up the fear with the growth of safety; and peace and security lasted longer than I would have expected, because the people could not so soon have acquired the habits and the courtesy of a new order. Old habits must have persisted. Old ideas must have stuck through. The Russians have no variety of parties to vent the variety of popular opinions. Violence was the only outlet for "rugged individualism."

Well, you see. A murder came out. A colleague of Stalin in the government was killed and Stalin's government, jerked thus suddenly to a realization that the job was not yet done, that security was not yet secured, ran back to the Terror and put sixty or more men to death. Of course. Liberty is not a fact yet in Russia and that very wise man, Lenin, did not expect to have established it in less than "two or three generations."

Liberals in this country are enjoying the new Soviet Terror and making comparisons. But they do not see quite straight or even all around their theme. They think we have liberty "under the law" over here. Lots of workers know by painful experience that we haven't. I have seen with my own eyes, if not with a bruised head, that there's a whole class that haven't liberty and that we cannot all have liberty. And I can see that we cannot ever have it under the law. Only people who have no use for it, who always do the conventional things, have our sort of liberty. And we should all begin now to see that no people can have Liberty, Democracy, Justice, etc., till these good things have been founded, not in the law, but in a fearless, unprivileged economic system.

The only justification of an appeal by

wise radicals for free speech, free assemblage, justice and peace under our law order is to show that these things cannot be; that the law-and-orderlies do and must use violence against the law.

And the liberal Monterey *Herald* and its thoughtful editor should know that. Why does he think the Nazis, in their determination to maintain our capitalism, abolish liberty and all our other ideals, including peace, right away, and why—why do their people stand for it? I think the Germans and the Italians and the Fascists generally foresaw and are demonstrating that there are other things we have to have—first, We have to have, first, what the Soviet Russians have got a first, slight rude grip on.

* *

As a polite bow to the name of this magazine, as a prelude to CONTROVERSY, I would like to ask the Social Crediters to tell us how they ever expect to put their idea over. They are using only reason so far. And reason will go only about so far, as I know by experience. There are several rational solutions of our problem. Henry George had one that was as convincing as that of Major Douglas, and some of the best of the Social Crediters once went out for that. It was unanswerable, as irrefutable as Social Credit. But the Single Taxers had to assume that the possessors of the hooks that tied down society would let go of their privileges. And they wouldn't. The Single Taxers once got into their church or union or whatever you care to call their combination, about all the reasonable men and women in the world, and there were not enough to do the job. There were hardly any bankers at all. So now the Social Crediters are winning all the logical minds to their Faith.

The danger is that Social Credit will get all the nice people in the world who will enjoy the sense that they have got the truth, like the Christians, and be content all their useless lives, in sitting on or preaching it. Like all the other inactive creeds they will be and, worse still, they will look satisfied and superior. Go to the Christian Science Church, see the Christian Scientists and beware. Clean, healthy, contented and perfectly useless, that's what you are prone to be.

Take Social Credit to Russia. There the stake-holders, the privileged and the unprivileged, are gone. They would hear your plans with reason and no opposition except reason. If you could show them, they would put it over. If you only care to be right, if it's only a mental satisfaction you creditors want, then, of course, you stay here in the land of theory.

* *

An astronomer has been born in New

York. He is six years old, the child of grocers and his scientific name, so far, is Kay. The College of the City of New York has discovered him. I'll bet the prodigy is Jewish. As the Nazis in Germany know, that race is about an inch ahead of us pure white people and we don't like it. The only race brighter than the Jews is the Chinese, who found out long ago what to do to regiment these super people. A Mandarin, sent to the Peace Conference at the end of the Great War, told us at a state dinner, that the Chinese loved the Jews to death. Those were my words; his were: "We married them." To stop the natural growth of intelligence, we should have to do something about both the Jew and the Chinese. And something really has to be done. They will not all go into astronomy.

* *

The Junior Chamber of Commerce is following the Old Chamber, finding that there are 1,500,000 Communists in these United States. It is not the number that breaks one's heart, but the revelation that the new businessmen are so like the old. The number that scares them seems but a small total in so populous a country as this. There are more new merchants in the chambers of Commerce than in the struggling soviets and many more millions in the bread lines.

* *

George Bernard Shaw is out leading the mob against the virtuous hanging of the mother who murdered her imbecile son when she feared she might have to leave him. Even the English judge praised that mother and her crime, but "he done his duty." He stood weeping for the law which gave him no choice.

* * * *

Snob Artists

YOU ask for points of view on the art patron. We have always heard much about "snob patrons," and Mrs. Ryan sums them up neatly and correctly. But she misses the heart of the matter. Why do patrons, with few exceptions, buy only the recognized artists' work?

I think Mrs. Ryan misses out in her explanation, and a comment of her own explains it. She says "the British aristocrat is democratic," not a snob because he has "an assured position." But the British aristocrat is just exactly the opposite the democratic. You don't notice crudities in his snobbery. His snobbishness is filed down into a well-worn and well-understood code: no member of the British aristocracy but knows in his bones what "is done", and so the visiting American does not see the corners of his

snobbery sticking out as you see them in the American snob.

And the British aristocrat would no more buy a Kandinsky, a Klee, a Miro, a Matthew, than he would have bought the "Nude Descending the Staircase" twenty years ago, or Jacob Epstein before he became a fashion, a fad, and secure in Bradstreet's Investment Guide.

No. The trouble seems to me to lie deeper—in the very nature of "keeping" artists by the patron system at all. Why should a young, rising, struggling artist have to depend on the whim of a patron, rich, middle-rich or poor? Why does the artist's value come to be measured at all by the price he is able to sell his pictures at? Have you ever heard artists talk about this subject among themselves? Ever heard them try to guide their social behavior by the standards of Wall Street? Ever heard them curse and swear, or cynically prepare "to play the social game," in order to make themselves a valued commodity? Ever seen what it has done to some of them? Ever seen the ugly jealousies, envies, bitterness and retaliating contempt for one another as well as for those of their number who have arrived, which the necessity to play up to the snob patron has engendered in them?

What great artist but knows and resents his frailer brother arriving by meth-

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W. K. Bassett

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Controversy, by its very plan and purpose, has no policy. Ideas and opinions expressed in its columns are those of the contributors whose names they bear. Controversy aims to be a medium of expression for those who would set forth, either in solemn conviction or in lighter vein, what they feel or what they believe. It is, and aims to be, controversial.

ods he despises? Yet, he has to live, too—and that may be the only method by which he can live. What a choice for him! Must artists be faced by this choice?

Why don't the artists get together and refuse to play the rich for suckers? Why don't they refuse to accept "patronage." Why don't they stand on their dignity as artists, as creators of a beauty that can't be "bought," that can't be measured in terms of money? Why don't they play all for one and one for all? Why don't they insist on committees of artists on PWA projects, for example, those "patronizing" projects now being run by the government in a big way as relief projects? Why don't they stop hurling abuse, invective, contempt of those of their number willing to play the social game, and do something about it themselves; something constructive if they are not willing to play those tricks? "Es ist nicht der Narr der's mut, es ist der Narr der's tut," says a wise German proverb.

If the artists and writers and other creators of an unbuyable beauty—which the rich after all want and will pay for rather than not have—will stick together and make their own rules—the snobs of art will vanish overnight.

And then you can have a beginning of a real education in art, in art appreciation, in art enjoyment, and the buyers of art will be different creatures from the present patron. They will not be condescending, charitable and kind enough to buy—they will be honored by permission to possess.

—JACQUELINE DURANT

* *

Life and Art

MISS RYAN's article, "Snobs of Art," held in it a fine spirit and an essential truth. To me the most significant sentence in it was this: "To be disinterested in art as I understand it would mean indifference to life itself, since I think of art as its ultimate expression." This is not a new thought. We are so used to it that we consider the repetition of it bromidic, but like all bromides it is grounded in reality. It would profit us occasionally to take stock of these familiar phrases and consider what they really mean.

Art and life; we cannot divorce one from the other. As long as there is life there will be those who by their creations will strive to interpret and clarify it to the less articulate ones. What form this takes is unimportant; the great thing will always be the depth and quality of the artist's awareness of life, his grasp of emotional values, his sense of reality. It is this spiritual essence which is imperishable and pervades every work of art from

the beginning of creation to the present day; it is imperishable because it is molded out of undying human values. It is only the would-be creators who are overly concerned with pattern and form; they try to hide their own sterility by an absorption with the material, by a careful planning of the mold. The true artist has a fine carelessness when it comes to such matters; the spiritual frenzy within him breaks all forms and all molds. He has felt life so passionately that he cannot contain himself. And it is by the strength of this emotional force of his alone that he will live. Thousands of years ago men wondered about God, loved, hated, despaired, delighted, suffered; they looked upon the moon and stars and found them beautiful as we do today. Whether we drive a chariot or a Ford car we still wonder at and are delighted or saddened by these ancient things. Human emotions are much the same today as they were when Socrates walked and talked in Athens.

It seems to me that if many of us who are so desirous of expressing ourselves would stop now and then to live that both life and art would gain by it. The age of self-expression is upon us; the point seems to be to make a stir of some sort; shouting as loudly as possible, we try to hide the fact that we have nothing to say. Most of the so-called art today—music, painting, literature—is not the outgrowth of any deep inner conviction, of any poignant sense of the mystery of life, of any great emotional awareness; it is surface stuff, sensational rather than emotional; clever, smart and insincere. In order to interpret life one must have lived deeply. And it is these artists who have seen and felt more clearly who carry us along with them and open our eyes to what we would never have known except through them. By their special vision they reveal the core of the universe to us. Fra Lippo Lippi expresses this essential spirit:

For, don't you mark, we're made so that we love

First when we see them painted, things we have passed

Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;

And so they are better, painted—better to us,

Which is the same thing: Art was given for that—

God uses us to help each other so,

Lending our minds out. Have you noticed, now,

Your cullion's hanging face? A bit of chalk,

And trust me but you should, though!

How much more,

If I drew higher things with the same truth!

That were to take the Prior's pulpit-place,

Interpret God to all of you! oh, oh, It makes me mad to see what men shall do,

And we in our graves! This world's no blot for us,

Nor blank—it means intensely, and means good;

To find its meaning is my meat and drink.

Life and art; in their deepest sense they are synonymous.

—ANNE NASH

* *

Still Painting Indians

THE letter column of the San Francisco News last week contained a statement by Maynard Dixon on Thomas Craven and modern art. Even before reading the article I knew pretty well what it was going to say—I have talked with Dixon numerous times on the subject and I know it is impossible to blast his prejudice. I should have been surprised indeed if he had not said somewhere in the article that "art is full of hokum."

That's Dixon's line, and it can't do any great harm. In fact I would have promptly forgotten the article except for the fact that in next morning's mail I received a letter with a clipping of the Dixon screed enclosed. The letter was anonymous so I can't be sure, but I think it was from Dixon himself. At any rate it was from the Dixon camp.

Over and over again I see some person point to a work of modern art and say "well what can you expect when the world itself is all askew." You are not surprised to hear such things from the layman, but antidotes are in order when a well-known painter (as I suspect my anonymous correspondent to be) makes the statement that modern art "is goofy and has the jitters because it is symptomatic of the psychic states of the disorganized world it reflects."

By "goofy" and "jittery" Dixon (or my unknown correspondent) means whatever is unintelligible to him in the non-representational art of today. Much contemporary art is imperfect; doubtless a good portion is insincere but to call all modern art "goofy" for any reason is sheer stupidity.

Especially naive is the man who blames the unintelligibility of art on the "disorganized state of the world today." A person unfamiliar with the function of a modern automobile might see nothing but a disorganized mass of steel and wires and grease in its engine. Yet the thing represents one of man's most beautifully integrated mechanical achievements.

No man abreast of his times would call the present day world disorganized. Think of it, we are at home in interstellar space; we have explored the atom, we have treated ourselves to the knowledge of a whole new world of subjective phenomena; the remotest point on the globe is our next door neighbor; superstition has given way to scientific fact; primitive uncertainties are now handy knowledge. What organization! What integration! Perhaps a peasant, bewildered by the aspect of our present civilization, would call our age jittery or goofy. We are now living in a new world indeed, a much more intelligible world than of yore, and that world is stimulating new forms in art. Only a hermit, secluded in the cave of nineteenth century sentimentalism would call this world disorganized, and persist in painting cowboys and Indians.

—JOSEPH DANYSH

* *

Defends Art Patrons

WHEN I first read Beatrice Ryan's article on Snobs of Art, I grinned and enjoyed her slap at our local art patrons. After reading it again my grin began to disappear, as it began faintly to dawn upon me that I was certainly included in this category. Now, after reading it the third time, I am ready to fight and have determined to take up the cudgels in my own behalf, and at the same time defend those who are included along with me.

Last year I was asked to serve as a director of the Public Works of Art Project, a government-financed program, to give work to needy and deserving artists. I made my headquarters at the De Young museum, and during the four months I was located there I had the opportunity of meeting practically every artist in the bay regions and also of examining samples of their work. Frankly, I enjoy looking at paintings and I have always a great desire to own them. Among the thousands of examples presented to me during those four months there were not many that appealed to me. In comparison to the examples that I have seen in my rather extensive travels they seemed to me to be immature, badly conceived and poorly executed. In many cases the artists appeared to have lifted bodily the ideas and manner of some famous name. The workmanship was slovenly and the poorer the artist the more he seemed to feel that, having graduated from art school, he no longer needed to work or study. In his own opinion, he had arrived. If I, the patron, didn't seem to have the same high opinion of his work that he had, or cared to acquire examples

of it, it was due to prejudice or snobbishness or ignorance on my part.

Well, the government gave some of them commissions. The artists were told to look at certain public buildings and to return with sketches or suggestions for wall decorations. Only a few had the slightest conception of their problem. Most knew nothing about composition and the handling of large surfaces, technical methods, or the other details so necessary for a man, who expects to live by his profession, to know. Am I blaming the artist for this? I should say not. Many were men of great promise, but they never had a chance or opportunity to paint anything but small, casual, easel pictures. They never had a chance to decorate a wall, or a definite problem to solve. And they were just like young lawyers or medical students who had just graduated from college. I do not think anyone would call it snobbish if a man refused to employ a young, inexperienced lawyer to try an important case for him, or entrust an operation to a young medical student.

It does happen, however, that in certain other professions there are places where these young students can become proficient. But these opportunities do not come to them through philanthropic patronage, but because there is an economic demand for their work. Now, a philanthropist may be a fine person. But personally I don't like any system that has to depend on an accidental philanthropist turning up before a necessary and vital part of our cultural life can be fostered. I feel that if it is culturally desirable there should be a definite method by which such culture may be developed.

When I buy a picture I don't want to be a philanthropist. If an artist happens to be needy I am glad to help him as long as I can afford it. Not because he is an artist, but because he needs help. Which brings me back to Miss Ryan's contention that because we patrons of art do not put up the money to educate our promising local artists, we are necessarily snobs. I can't see why because when we spend our money for pictures we insist upon acquiring something we like. One might just as well argue that it is the duty of an automobile-buyer to buy the unfinished model from a promising inventor because it has future possibilities rather than spending his money for the car he desires to ride in. I fully agree that art must have a permanent patron if it is to live and develop because I know that there is no money in being an artist. I saw so definitely that after a few months of government patronage, promising artists, who knew nothing about their problems when they first started, began to develop rapidly and in a really big way.

If art is a desirable culture, of which there can be no question, and for which there must always be a poor economic market, then the state must foster it by becoming its patron. It must not be left to the accidental arrival of some rich philanthropist.

Great modern art has been produced in Mexico today under this patronage and I am sure that it also can be produced in this country under similar conditions. Under government patronage I am sure that there will be produced plenty of work of sufficient merit to make us "snobs" desire to exchange our money for it, and to desire it to add to our collections, if for no other reason than that it is catering to our snobbishness. When I buy paintings I buy them to enjoy them. If it happens that I enjoy big names, or ripe red cherries, smoothly painted, that is my privilege. Grand Rapids will always have a market for its furniture.

Miss Ryan, you are right. It happens that we have no rich philanthropic patrons of art in San Francisco. For this, I am very sorry. Some of us who would like to be such are not rich enough, and some of those who are rich enough, just don't happen to have art as their personal passion. I certainly cannot blame them for this, nor can I attribute it to snobbishness, as you do. An individual has a right to choose his own pleasures and it can only be a government that can care impartially for the varying, cultural aspirations of its diversified population.

—HAROLD L. MACK

* *

Art for Gifts

IN the current issue of *CONTROVERSY*, a weekly magazine published at Carmel, appears an article entitled "Snobs of Art," by Beatrice Judd Ryan. That author dubs the bargain-hunter in art a patron-snob who condescendingly buys at the lowest possible price "to help the poor fellow along," who thereby belittles the artist and at the same time undermines the moral (and cultural) fiber of the community.

Mrs. Ryan formerly conducted an art gallery in this city. "In the years of my art contacts in San Francisco," she says, "I never found one person, interested and able to be a patron, who showed a comprehensive intelligence toward the development here of a spiritual entity in art. If our community were to produce such a person, an astounding stimulation in art would follow."

What Mrs. Ryan says is doubtless all too true. But the average Christmas shopper is able to be an "art patron" in his

own small way, if only he realized it. If every such shopper, in selecting gifts, were to buy only one original work—an etching, a water-color or a print, for instance—the stimulation to art in the community would be so tremendous as to be almost incalculable.

—JUNIUS CRAVENS in S. F. News

* * *

Science in Russia

PROFESSOR MCBAIN, acknowledged leader in the field of colloidal chemistry in the United States, research professor at Stanford University, has just returned from a long and far-flung trip to the Soviet Union. He was surprised, after the accounts he had read in the foreign press, to find that science—all the sciences—had made amazing strides in Russia. Moscow is the world leader in mathematics, he said, and is rapidly forging toward world leadership in physics, chemistry, eugenics, and such applied sciences as agriculture, study of soils, engineering. Professor McBain found Imhoff, one of the great world chemists, with an immense laboratory and sixteen hundred assistants working in institutes from Leningrad to the Caucasus. Nevertheless this researcher works four hours every day undisturbed with his wife in his own laboratory. It is very rare for chemists who have arrived, said Professor McBain, still to devote so much time to their own researches.

Everywhere he went—at Kharkov, Kiev, Zaporojnie, Leningrad, Batoum, Baku—the professor found the same scientific institutes, the same enthusiasm, the same fervour for applied and pure science, art, literature, the drama. The cast of the Bolshoi Opera came down from Moscow to Batoum. "I had been told I would find the costumes rags and the players bad, the props dilapidated" he said. "Instead I found such magnificence of stage properties, costumes, sets, and such marvellous acting that I don't see how it ever could have been better. And all in a small out of the way provincial town."

"When people asked me what I was, and I said 'a chemistry professor,' they showed profound awe and admiration," he smiled, "as if I were—"

"Mellon" supplied his interviewer.

He told about the children.

"At one school we asked what they would like to have us send them from America," They said: "Would you send us some photographs of your writers and artists?"

In the Soviet Union the men working on highway construction have appropriated some of Professor McBain's discov-

eries not yet asked for in California. "They were ready to pick my brains," he smiled.

Returning to his native Great Britain people commented: "Of course you saw only what they wanted to show you."

"I worked that out," said the Professor, slowly. "What I saw in institutes and equipment must have cost about two and a half billion dollars. A good deal to spend to impress one chemistry professor!"

—QUILL PENN

* * *

DISCRIMINATE

Yes, your eyes are lovely.

And, yes, your voice is sweet;
With wondrous care you do your hair,
And dainty are your feet.

Your lips are quite seductive;
No doubt real nice to kiss;
Your form is fine in curve and line—
But I want more than this.

Do you know who was Chaucer,
Shelley, Darwin, Freud?
In whose day and in what way
Was Nineveh destroyed?

Is Adolph Hitler Jewish?
Can you conjugate "to go"?
I may be rude, but pulchritude
Is not enough, you know.

I must have brains and culture
Along with style and grace;
I cannot be eternally
A gazing in your face.

You say you don't know nothing;
Ain't never read a book!
Hardly made the second grade;
Can't sew or sweep or cook!

That's bad. I'm awfully sorry
I have to leave you flat.
But you must see that life for me
Must mean much more than that.

I have to go—I'm going—
Your eyes, your voice, your hair—
Your lips so sweet, your dainty feet—
Oh hell! What should I care?

Chaucer died so long ago,
And Freud is hard to take.
And I surmise that being wise
Is more or less a fake.

When ignorance is bliss why try
To be intelligent—
Give me your lips and fingertips—
Just think—I might have went!

—W. K. B.

THANK YOU, I WAS JUST LOOKING AROUND

It's a fact that my needs
Run to nothing but tweeds;
And I know in my heart
That I'll never depart
From the habit to buy
What is sensible. Why
Don't I then make a dash,
With my long-hoarded cash,
Toward a shop where I'll see
Only coats made for me?

But evening coats, opera coats,
Coats for Palm Beach—
First I must see all the
Coats out of reach!

It began in the past.
'Twas our Mother Eve cast
Longing eye on the grape—
Marked its leaf's luring shape;
Paused a moment, then went
To the next vine. She spent
Weeks in looking, then found,
When she'd covered the ground,
That the leaf she had nursed
In her thoughts, was the first.

So evening coats, opera coats,
Coats for a cruise,
May I look at them all, please,
Before I—er—CHOOSE?

—MARION STURGES-JONES

* * *

Our Contributors This Week

HELEN SAYLES is a San Francisco writer and book reviewer.

MARION STURGES-JONES is a contributor to eastern magazines.

LINCOLN STEFFENS needs no blurb.

WILLIAM JUSTEMA is a painter.

JEANNE PIRENNE is French of blood and decidedly French of interest.

DOROTHY Q. BASSETT sees things with a satirical eye. She lives in Carmel.

ANNE NASH has that rare understanding of artistic values few are blessed with. She also lives in Carmel.

JACQUELINE DURANT is a young painter in San Francisco who, obviously, has not yet arrived but thought by many to have rare talent.

ELLA WINTER is an enthusiast.

JOSEPH DANYSH directs an art gallery in San Francisco.

HAROLD L. MACK is the appreciative possessor of some of the finest examples of art.

D. T. MACDOUGAL is a researcher in biology, explorer, philosopher, contributing editor of *Scientific American*, member board of managers of New York Botanical Garden, American Philosophical Society and connected with the Carnegie Institution of Washington; author of many books on plant science.

Literature of Escape

by D. T. MACDOUGAL

NOVELIZED fiction, mystery stories, humour, travel narratives, accounts of pioneering and books of adventure have long been the most popular avenues of escape from the consciousness of the grinding realities of daily life.

An avid consumer of all this from my earliest reading days and a working scientist since my second year in high school, I now view with no little interest the fact that in these stressful times the average citizen finding himself in an unreal, strange, and disturbing world is now turning more and more to such books as Durant's "Story of Philosophy," Jean's "Through Space and Time," and lastly "The Science of Life" by the Wellses and Julian Huxley, as literature of escape.

Concerning this last work Clifton Fadiman says in the *New Yorker*, "For some of us, the only satisfactory escape literature today is the literature of fact. Science offers a universe that, on paper at least, makes sense. Those who feel the world is too much with them should immerse themselves in these fifteen hundred pages, which transform a dozen 'ologies into a single panorama of life, from mosses to mankind."

The contrast between the older refuges from reality, and latter day escapes into the realm of living things, generalizations as to the nature of the universe, and the excursions of the mind in speculative thought is a startling one. To assert an understanding of the shift would be sheer pretense in one to whom the content of these subjects has always been the most real and inescapable thing in life.

No glorification of self or science is to be attributed to this statement: indeed it is a confession of failure. Failure on the part of science to articulate intimately with life. There is something to be said, however, as to this aloofness, inadequacy, and non-cooperative attitude.

The earlier forms of science were identified as magic, and the scientist continued to enjoy health and existence so long as his activities were known only to the few. Science thus practiced apart from life has never fully emerged from this secretive beginning.

The primary work of the scientist consists in obtaining measurements and observations from which, for instance, conclusions as to the velocity of light, the nature of protoplasm, or the origin of man may be established. The results must be published with all exactness so that the value of the conclusions may be

critically examined by others and the experiments repeated. In fact, no discovery is fully accepted until it has been confirmed in other laboratories and by other workers.

There is thus in science as in no other intellectual field an enormous mass of writing consisting of stark technical records. So extensive is this material that the chemist, the biologist, and the geologist may find time to read only the titles to articles or short abstracts in addition to those which bear directly on his own work. To cull passages from such articles and print them with gay comment was at one time an acceptable attempt at humor among the bright boys of newspaper row.

Generalized writings by scientists were regarded as of educational, cultural, informational or of technocratic value. Some discoveries, such as those of new elements, of comets, or of remains of ancient man were deemed of such importance as to be cabled news around the globe.

That most of the laboriously achieved results of the scholarly researcher might carry an interest equally compelling was probably most definitely conceived at its earliest by Mr. John W. Harding of the *New York Times*, who undertook in a newly founded journal, "Discovery," to present scientific results in good literary form thirty years ago. This effort was a decade too early and the project was suspended: It will be noted, however, that the great newspaper mentioned now has a science editor and a page in its Sunday issue devoted to science and inventions, and that several magazines with a total circulation running into millions carry material from within this field.

An understanding of this present day situation involves the activities of scientists in the World War. When the military began searching for explosives, poisonous gases, unused chemical processes, and new food values, scientists were summoned to display all of their findings. Material, methods and inventions of great defensive and destructive value came from the examinations of laboratory results, so that short-sighted pacifists stigmatized scientists as supporters of war, when as a matter of fact governments had simply raided their back yards, junk heaps and laboratories for red-hot bricks to throw at the national enemy and they were besought to furnish more and to devise new kinds of destructive devices.

In playing his part in the dreadful business of war, however, the scientist had disclosed the adequacy of his methods for dealing with material forces. And that from his observations he might frame theories of the universe as did Einstein, de Sitter and others. In prying into nature there came about the detection of the mitogenetic rays of dying protoplasm, the determination of the part played by glands in our physical welfare, morals and mental activity, of the nature of nervous impulses, of the variability of atoms, and other studies which opened to sight new fields stretching interminably in every direction.

It fell to the lot of the late E. W. Scripps to envisage the possibilities of this unexploited field shortly after the World War, during which the badger-like scientist had been drawn from his burrow, and to present a plan with an endowment for its exploitation.

As one of the original consultants on the scheme for enabling the newspaper to present science adequately, for which "Science Service" (1922) was ultimately organized, I was told by this great newspaperman that the time would come when the citizen would turn to the science page in preference to the sporting columns in the morning paper. These expressions and accompanying comment were enlightening to me as to the essence of "news": which seemed to include happenings with the element of surprise, which disturbed the order of the previous day, affected the lives of people, properly presented with some imaginative appeal as to accessory and undisclosed facts.

While books of generalized knowledge gained by technical methods, that is, the literature of fact may be engrossing, it is evident that the newspaper, in addition to keeping the reader informed as to the course of politics, economics, finance and crime, may also offer him wide avenues of escape from the grinding routine, duties and obligations of the day. Occurrences in the scientific world are due for attention on all these counts.



ORIENTAL
ARTS

HENRY H. HART, Inc.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Down With Everything

by WINTHROP RUTLEGE

WHEN Hollywood sees hope on the horizon and sets about to cinematize its optimism, the result is usually something to avoid in the theater. But when Hollywood wallows in pessimism, decides that life has no more significance than an idiot's tale, so what the hell, it occasionally turns out a piece of succulent and anarchistic fun.

Such a piece is "The Captain Hates the Sea" (Golden Gate). Proceeding from the incomplete but highly amusing premise that human beings are a sorry lot, marriage a droll practical joke, the ancient traditions of the sea so much whangdoodle and chin whiskers destined for immersion in soup, the film makes a gay hour of relaxation even for the more civilized filmgoer.

Walter Connolly plays the role of the blasé skipper in his own inimitable fashion. He states the theme early in the first reel when he stands on the bridge, denounces his ship as suicidally unseaworthy, curses the embarking passengers for a horde of pestiferous imbeciles and promises the imprint of his own heels to any woman or child who tries to outrun him to the first lifeboat in case of sinking.

The ship, bound from California to New York via the canal, carries a motley burden of assorted humanity. There is a revolutionist on his way to betrayal and death in a South American coup d'état, a crook who is relieved of his looted bonds by his conniving mistress, a youth who takes the cruise to quit drinking and write a book (but who remains embalmed for the entire voyage and writes not a line) and a reformed policeman now in the employ of a private detective agency.

These gentlefolk soon are waxing antic aboard the liner, and with the aid of the genial bartender, played nicely by Walter Catlett, they beguile the spectator without insult to his intelligence. An amusing commentary on steamship organization is the fire scene. The skipper hears a rumor that his vessel is burning and upon making inquiries, learns that the fire is out. When he seeks to reward the parties who quenched it, he is informed that no one did; they couldn't find it; it merely stopped burning by itself.

The film returns John Gilbert to the screen as the alcoholic author and indicates that he can be a very worthy actor when he is not stifled in a Garbo boudoir.

The enthusiastic admirer of Connolly may follow him from the Golden Gate to the Orpheum to see him impersonate a

newspaper managing editor in a very confused and confusing film called "White Lies." This opus begins with a very biting commentary on the power of the press and the uses to which it is put. One sees Editor Connolly resenting the young traffic officer who insists upon arresting him when he contemptuously tears up the ticket he has been given for driving at 70 miles per hour. Resenting so strongly, in fact, that he orders the police department to discharge the officer for insolence.

Just about the time the thoughtful fan is congratulating himself for having come to a film which rings so true, along comes the editor's daughter in the person of Fay Wray, who convinces Papa he should ask a promotion, rather than discharge for the copper—and Connolly does.

We then see him making a criminal out of a bank clerk who is feverishly working to restore his embezzlements. He prints the front page story and the desperate clerk turns killer, incriminating the editor's daughter and dragging her into a murder trial. The film ends in a fanfare of hokum with Connolly repenting his front page mischief on the witness stand, denouncing himself as a murder and finally fixing things up nicely for everybody—including his daughter who weds the heroic traffic copper.

The truth of the matter is that the editor who always prints the big story is a fabulous myth which the public loves to swallow. Newspaper editors these days are notorious for the stories they suppress, not for those they print. Moreover the editor is a different chap to drag to the witness stand, and as for breaking down and admitting that he has misused his power—well, it simply isn't done. Your correspondent once was a newspaperman himself; he knows whereof he complains.

"The Marines are Coming" (Orpheum) is nothing to become exercised about, either one way or the other. It is merely the tale of a leatherneck Casanova who flees the amorous pursuit of a Spanish dancer to make advances to the general's daughter. Of course the horseplay is suspended long enough to show the fine, brave spirit of the marines. They get their man, a revolutionary "bandit" with an army of peons whom they playfully cut to pieces with machine gun fire. Of course few members of the audience recall that King George's marines once braved the wilderness trying to get a bandit by the name of Washington. They

gave it up as a bad job, and so no movies are made in their honor. You have to be a success to interest Hollywood. Smirking Willie Haines, by the way, is the marine hero.

* *

"College Rhythm" (Warfield) hits a new low. It is one of the dullest, most banal, heavy-handed and vulgar charades Hollywood has yet concocted. Even Joe Penner, who can be both imbecilic and funny, is merely imbecilic in it. Its humor is completely unappetizing. The censors would do well to let the movies go back to good old clean, wholesome sexiness.

* *

"Behold My Wife" (Paramount) is a yarn in which the son of a millionaire takes revenge upon his snooty family by going west and bringing home an Indian girl bride. The family counters by dressing her up and presenting her to society. Thus far the film is amusing because of its ironic situations and its pin pricks in the balloon of social caste. Something might have been made of it from that point on, but the producers didn't know just what. So they tossed in a murder, a dash of sob-stuff and a jailhouse romance and called it a day.

* *

"Music in the Air" (Paramount) is a gay and moderately amusing film version of the stage operetta of the same title. John Boles and Gloria Swanson do some nice clowning as a temperamental playwright and his prima donna mistress, the music is pleasant and the scenery rather pretty.

* * * *

On Hearing Debussy

I felt as if I were standing in a jungle; yet jungle is not the right word, for that signifies something dense and thick, while this was all delicacy and light; it must have been the feeling of it—strangeness, exoticism, wildness—that made one think of a jungle. All about was green, varying tones of green; it ranged from yellow-green to milky green. This green was caused by the bizarre and delicate pattern of jungle growth. All the values were so close that one felt, rather than actually saw the pattern; the first impression was of layer upon layer of infinite tones of tender green; it was only as one looked more closely that one became aware of the slender trunk of a tree and its fantastic branches; that one saw a frail fern uncurl its lovely frond.

Into the green danced golden notes of music; they danced with a light joy; there were order and symmetry in their apparent abandonment. Each golden note was separate and distinct; there was no melting or fusing in the forming of their arabesque. An indirect light flowed all around; it touched the green with translucency and made a fluid metal of the gold.

—ANNE NASH

* * * *

Quiet as a Mouse—No!

THERE is no such thing as perfect silence in the Universe." This was not a little boy reproaching his mother for admonishing him to "for heaven's sake keep silent for a minute." It was Dr. E. E. Free, famous chemical engineer, a scientist who made ordnance during the war and a sound survey of New York City, and so should know something of sound. He later worked at the Carnegie Coastal Laboratory at Carmel with Dr. D. T. MacDougall. Now he was broadcasting from the Flatiron building in New York "The Sounds of Silence."

We listened to the noises made by wheat weevils—worms in grains of wheat—magnified ten thousand billion times (130 decibels) by a sound microscope. It sounded like rats nibbling. Then there were little clicks and thumps—that was the sound of the worms turning round in the grain. After that we were treated to a roar and rumble—the El in New York?—no—a hive of bees. "The bass and treble, known to some as bee-language is perfectly known to bee-keepers," said Dr. Free.

Then came a bowl of goldfish—such plopping and rushing and swashbuckling! But the plops were the goldfish swallowing air and the rushing sound was made by their swimming around the goldfish bowl, which was standing by the sound microscope.

And then we heard rattling and hammering—worms crawling through the soil.

The sound microscope is set in a sound proof room connected with a sensitive device made to pick up sounds and then connected with the amplifier. Yet you looked round your studio in Carmel for the crawling worm.

Sound microscopes have also a number of practical applications. For instance, weevils can be detected in the wheat. Also they can tell the difference between good and bad watches—and save you seeing your beloved watch hanging friendless for weeks at the watch-makers. Dr. Free gave us the different sounds made by good and bad watches, by correct and faulty ball-bearings in machinery, and by dirt

in air. "Still air also produces noise," he said.

So far the limit of resolution of his microscope is a magnification of 100,000 billion. So we can't yet hear all the sounds of all the silent things in the Universe.

These broadcasts take place three more Saturday afternoons at 4:30 P. S. T., and will include analysis of a voice, of ghost sounds and city sounds.

But we shall not be treated to the silence of a silent mouse. "It would sound like the stampings of a maddened elephant," smiled Dr. Free over the radio.

—ELLA WINTER

* * * *

Compulsory Education For the Rich

A WEEK or two ago I listened to Colonel Mack's talk on Social Credit, a subject which was even less than Greek to me. Having well-founded suspicions as to the quantity and quality of my brain cells I had expected, after the first half hour, to be busily engaged in various little personal thoughts of my own. You know the kind—what to say in Uncle Henry's birthday letter, how to make the pot-roast do for another dinner, how to keep the gophers in ignorance of the last planting of ranunculus bulbs, etc., etc. Those crazy thoughts that are all too apt to crowd in upon us during lectures, symphonies and sermons. But such was not the case. I was not only tremendously interested but actually got a few ideas.

Among other things, I understand that under Social Credit, once established and in working order, our dollars will be more evenly distributed and will also be much more dependable when it comes to purchasing what we need. Because of the elimination of waste there will be a surplus in which everyone is to share.

Very good so far. But it was pointed out that individuals could still make more money, fortunes even, if they cared to. What worries me is, who are these individuals who will be in control of the lion's share of riches? (I wouldn't care if, unquestioningly, power did not always walk hand in hand with money.) They will be, I suppose, those persons who are disgustingly energetic and ambitious, in the worst sense of each word. There will soon be a large class, as today, of the Ignorant Rich.

Let the Intelligent Rich go their way in peace and more power to them! But the others! How painful it is to see secretaries, maids and gardeners more intelligent, often better educated than their employers. And in this country it is not an uncommon sight.

My plan is this—to hitch the money to the brains.* It can be done in a few short years by a very simple process. I would have the Government install a system of Compulsory Education for the Rich. Under this regime there will be stiff examinations twice a year. These examinations will be obligatory for the Rich but elective for the Poor. What pleasant pictures the thought conjures up! Can't you just see Mrs. C. Dudley Smythe bending over her Latin and Algebra books and old Mr. Wilkinson-Pyke struggling with the History of Art? Golf and Bridge might suffer a bit, I suspect. The Intelligent Poor of course are in their element. These general examinations are duck-soup to them. A few weeks of extra concentration on the subject in hand and they sail through with flying colors.

Now comes the nice part. Mrs. C. Dudley Smythe of course fails utterly. She thereupon suffers a drastic cut in income for the next six months. And Miss Mary Parker, the hard-working little secretary or school teacher or newspaper reporter, who has passed 100%, has her income increased correspondingly. Imagine what the two thousand taken from Mrs. Smythe will mean to Mary! Mrs. Smythe, on the other hand, will be nervous and will give few garden parties during the next half year. In the first place, she'll probably have to let her maid go, and in the second place, she will need all her time for study. (Don't worry about the maid. She is already engaged for part time by Miss Parker, and is studying for the next examination anyway.)

It can readily be seen that in a very short time the money will have changed hands. But, you ask, what good will this do? The same inequality will exist. Only Mrs. Smythe will be typing in a broker's office and Miss Parker will be studying music in Munich. . . . That, I insist, is as it should be. Mrs. Smythe has found her proper level at last. Mary Parker has found hers.

You may wonder how the expense for this new educational system is to be met. No, I am not looking for the Social Credit surplus. There is a very simple solution. Those of the Rich who get particularly low marks could be taxed a small amount. This would be ample to finance the whole scheme.

Most of the readers of CONTROVERSY will be delighted with this idea, I am sure. A few perhaps will be nervous. The ones who would be most upset probably won't see the article anyway.

Trusting that you will find room in your new plans for a bigger and better dollar, for my Compulsory Education Idea, I am

—DOROTHY Q. BASSETT

Photography as Art

by WILLIAM JUSTEMA

IF I remember right there was once some controversy as to whether or not a photograph could be a work of art; something about it being unlikely that a machine could produce works of art. The dispute turned on that. It was a matter of machinery.

But since then, of course, the "machine" has come—apparently to stay. In the same way that paints and brushes seem to have come to stay. So that henceforth there need be no question about cameras and chemicals any more than there is about canvas and pigments. Both photographs and paintings have been and may be works of art. Which is not to say that all photographs and all paintings are works of art.

In many respects it is more difficult for a photograph to be a work of art than it is for a painting. A discussion of these special difficulties should have replaced the general controversy mentioned above. But it has not. Instead, the camera has now been swallowed: lens, bellows, and groundglass—and every rich print from an unretouched negative of an image in focus is given the attention once given only to objects whose production was accomplished with more than manual difficulty. This, in photography, is quite considerable, that I know. I urge, however, that technical facility be taken for granted. Surely it, if anything, is what should be mechanical.

The very least a photograph can be is a good print from a good negative. By "good" I mean good and clear, every value well-defined, unmistakable. I cannot imagine even ethics quarreling with this use of the word "good," so I will continue to use it in this sense, always remembering that simple goodness of this sort does not make a work of art.

Further ways in which a photograph can be good are all of them more difficult. It is difficult, first, to keep a good photograph from having a "metaphysical" look. This is partially due to the limitation resulting from lack of color and partially to the fact that all good photographs, as will be explained, must necessarily be simple in, shall I say?—plan. At least they must appear to be simple, even meagre, with that meagreness which we associate with metaphysics. Suspicious of self-imposed limitations, we are likewise set wondering by simplicity; we wonder if there is not more to it than there seems to be. It is with considerable difficulty,

then, that a good photograph does not look symbolical and to be the symbol of something other than its subject.

With difficulty, also, is a good photograph prevented from being quasi-scientific. The mere fact of a photograph being in focus leads us to think that some special, intimate part of nature has been revealed. Particularly in a large group of photographs of more or less the same subject-matter, do we feel the camera's scientific portentousness. And, since the temptation to exhibit variations on a single theme is always present, is it difficult, in photography, to avoid the pseudo-scientific.

The third difficulty to avoid is propaganda. Every good photograph presents convincing argument in favor of its subject. This because we know that a photograph is a photograph of something which exists and if this existence is presented in a good light, with its own texture, its wholehearted acceptance for what it is, or indeed, more, is assured.

I am not saying, it would be absurd to say, that every good photograph entirely avoids, or even tries entirely to avoid, all trace of what one might call, in the order named above, religion, science and advertisement. All works of art contain somewhat of all of these. There can obviously be no denying that reverence, scrutiny and communication have a share in the field of esthetics. The point I am trying to make is that, primarily, works of art are not votive, nor datum, nor do they solicit.

Now come the real, the positive difficulties. If the above aspects are difficult to avoid, the ensuing virtues are that much more difficult to attain.

The subject is of no importance and of all importance; any subject-matter may be justified by what it is made to yield, repudiated if it fails to yield. But what is this extra-technical good we want in a photograph?

I should say we want, first, to feel that the photographer knew what he wanted to do and did it. I should say that we want, second, to feel that what he so admirably succeeded in doing was worth doing. The first demand we make of every artist: that he "realize," i.e., his intentions. If he does, there is nothing to criticize, the rest is individual. The second demand is both (either) individual and (or) historical. That is, what he does may be worthwhile to us for reasons of our own—taste; and (or) it may be

worthwhile because what he does has not been done before, or has not before been done so well.

Just what the esthetic opportunities are, that might and should be realized via photography, has already been amply indicated. It is unnecessary to mention names; the failures to overcome what I have listed as three initial (if negative) difficulties speak for themselves. It is true that unless success had been indicated we would not know it has been failed of; nevertheless, loving photography and photographers we must be jealous for them.

We must watch photographers carefully to see that they do not pretend to present more than they successfully can. By no photographic means I know of can the photographer control and realize—first negatively and then positively—more than one or at most two esthetic ideas at a time. The painter can reconstruct at will and at leisure. He can add, subtract, multiply and divide appearances, until every part of the whole expresses his intention simultaneously in a single picture. The photographer can approximate this complicated process in his mind alone. His medium allows for the successful encompassment of only the simplest ideas of form.

The art of photography, like any other, begins with a knowledge of what it cannot do and proceeds with the knowledge of what it can do.

No other medium can so unhesitatingly exhibit patterns at once bold and intricate; schemes using all values of gray between white and black. No other medium can so vividly isolate a form perfect in itself in space. No other medium can so legitimately recommend us to an interest in texture. But all these are simple, single, occupations. They offer hardly anything to write about.

* * * *

EDUCATED, BUT IGNORANT

Today it is possible for a student to earn the highest honors in history at school and university, and at the end to have no notion how paper money first came into circulation, nor what is the proportion between a bank's cash holdings and its liabilities. It is a serious scandal that any educated person should be allowed to remain in ignorance of such things.

IN POLITICS AND FINANCE

by HAROLD L. MACK

EVERYTHING we think of, everything we do, everything we wear or eat or play with, must first be exchanged for money before we can deal with our fellowmen. How can the exchange be a fair one when the money involved in the transaction is in itself unfair? How can we possibly judge the relative values of an article we wish to purchase, if that value must first be translated in terms of money? No comparison of values is possible or can be possible as long as we continue to use the product now being turned out by the financial system. It would be just the same as if all weighing scales were not only out of balance, but constantly changing their standard of weights and measures. We would have a fine time if we tried to use them.

This fault that I have found with the product of the financial system, which in itself is serious enough to cause it to be discarded for use unless it is changed, is not its only fault, however.

It also manufactures a form of temporary money which seems to intents and purposes to act like money, but which has certain peculiar qualities which, if understood, make us realize that it is, in reality, only an optical delusion. The temporary money of which I speak, has been termed by the financial system "credit money." This, however, is a slight error, because if the books were properly kept its real name would be "debt money." This "debt money" comprises over 90 per cent of all the money that is in existence today. Do not think for a minute that I question the wisdom of the financial system in turning out a product of this type. There is a great need for such a product. The only trouble is that the world has need of genuine temporary *credit money* and not the counterfeit *temporary debt money* which the financial system has succeeded in foisting on a very gullible public. Here again they look alike, but in reality, one is food, while the other is poison.

The main use for real *credit money* is that it remain in existence only as long as the goods for which it was designed to act as a measure of value are available for production and consumption. Please note that I have said *production and consumption*. The *debt money* that the financial system issues bears no relationship to the wealth for which it is supposed to be

issued, but exists in a distorted relation to production and pays no attention whatsoever to the consumption side.

It acts exactly the same way as if a delicious dinner be used to excite the hunger of a starving man, only to have it withdrawn when he tried to eat it. It is this "mirage money" that causes humanity to stagger across sandy wastes, led by the tempting pools that are always just ahead but never can be reached. It is this glittering "rainbow money" with a bag of gold at its base which causes children to hunt for it with eager spirit, only to end up lost in the woods. It is the endless treadmill which has enslaved man down through the ages, unable ever to get off of it unless he is capable himself of becoming a slave driver.

Every country in the world has tried to handle its affairs through the medium of this "temporary money," "mirage money," "rainbow money," and every country in the world has always found that it has led it only to disaster.

This falsely named, distorted product, however, has had its uses. Notwithstanding that it is everything I have said it is, it is better than nothing at all, and has succeeded in bringing the great productive forces into play. The strange part of it is that if people would only take the time and trouble to study and understand it, it could be made into the most wonderful and useful product man has ever devised. The burdens of taxation could be removed. The inequalities that cause man to turn to radicalism could be abolished. The human animal with whom we must all associate in this journey through life, would become a pleasant associate. The dark and noisome places in the world would disappear. War and pestilence would no longer be frightful specters constantly haunting our dreams. All these things could happen if the superstition ignorance and stupidity of man did not constantly prevent him from using his brains when it comes to matters of finance. Instead of anyone being satisfied with the distorted product they would all demand that it now be redesigned.

I just read an article by Jesse H. Jones in the magazine called *Today*. Jesse H. Jones is the head of the Reconstruction Finance group. He was a banker before he went into politics and he calls his article "Our Banking Future." This article contains such worthless platitudes as

these: "Bankers should be permitted to operate only when they have unimpaired capital" and "they should not be permitted to operate on short capital." This is exactly the same as saying that if we construct a bridge it ought to be made safe for the traffic which it is supposed to carry.

He also says that the Federal Reserve Act was designed under the leadership of President Woodrow Wilson and Carter Glass to prevent any more money panics, and that it was the accepted opinion of the best financial minds that it would do this.

In view of what happened in 1929, I cannot see where the inauguration of this system has accomplished much, but Mr. Jones says that it has served well in his opinion would be difficult to improve upon to any great extent.

He says it is unfair to ascribe any considerable portion of our banking troubles to the failure on the part of the Federal Reserve banks to function properly. If, then, the Federal Reserve banks have functioned properly, and if they were started for the purpose of preventing money panics, and were designed to expand or contract our circulating money to meet the fluctuating requirements of agriculture, business and trade, either the Federal Reserve banks are utterly useless for the purpose for which they were designed, or money panics and their causes are the result of some other defects in our banking system, about which the best minds seem to know nothing.

He says that the future of our banking depends in a large measure on the bankers themselves, and seems to feel that recovery is entirely dependent on the ability of the banks to get us further into debt.

The only thing I really do agree with in his whole article is his last sentence, when he says that reactionary bank methods will not meet the issue. But this statement is just about as helpful to those who are being ruined by the financial situation as if the captain of a ship that was sinking said to the doomed passengers, "We must do something or we all shall drown!" —H. L. M.

* * * *

Democracy must understand money and control it or Democracy will perish at financial hands. Here is Democracy's day of testing and her day of opportunity.

Books on Parade

IF I WERE DICTATOR, by Julian Huxley. Harper's, \$2.50.

If one could imagine a scientist as dictator—a man who acts after the application of thought and then does so cautiously, not putting over much emphasis on his latest dictum, knowing there would surely be another to supplant it—then it would be an enlightened gesture on our part if we insisted that if we must have a dictator give us a scientist, or at any rate, a man with the scientific attitude of inquiry, of experimentation, of detachment. "If I Were Dictator" suggests how a scientist would approach the problem of running a country, although it gives no method of getting control of the country to run.

Unsympathetic to the spirit of nationalism which makes for warfare, Huxley would yet begin his plan with the existing state recognizing its convenience as a unit. His state would be under a system like that which Stuart Chase calls Antarchy—a planned economy based on self-sufficiency rather than cheapness of goods. Using the materials at hand to produce the needs of the country, keeping products at home rather than exporting the best, investing in improvements such as bridges, roads, at home rather than sending the nation's money and brains abroad, centering the interest in the creation and exchange of goods in themselves, rather than in money. Huxley would make his state an experiment in scientific humanism.

The world is now ready for its fourth great step in its evolution—that of the application of the methods of modern science to the conscious planning of human society, Huxley believes. He lists as the three previous steps in our evolution: the discovery of agriculture which permitted settled life, the discovery of universals in philosophy, morals, and religion leading to the theological stage; and the meeting of the two currents of human effort towards the understanding of phenomena and the control of phenomena and their fusion to form science.

To discuss the author's plans for business, politics, science, art, and leisure would make this review as long as the book, but we might stop to say he has considered the element of a rich life with an intelligence which suggests how stupidly we govern ourselves, how little thought we have given to being civilized, and how unrealized are our potentialities.

Aware that progress, if it comes, will be slow; one step each generation, Huxley fears that impatience will bring about a fascist or communist reaction, either of

which he would regret as he finds they encourage the worst features of human nature though they recognize the need of the individual to express himself through a country. To him both fascism and communism are religious reactions, attempts to build up a social religion as opposed to the former theistic religions. As man once felt his helplessness against outer nature and turned to a god in despair we now turn, Huxley believes, to the community and to superpersonal forces as we face the disaster and uncertainty of man's own nature and creations. Huxley makes little distinction between the national characteristics of fascism and the internationalism of communism.

We can imagine a scientist happily contemplating a society where experiments are carried on within experiments, but those who feel secure in the world as it is, who feel safe in their complacency, can take heart that progress comes slowly and that fear, prejudice and loyalties impede its course. Those who would like a saner world can remember hopefully that intelligence occasionally points the way.

—HELEN SAYLES

* *

EN ECOUTANT LE MARECHAL FOCH.
Commandant Charles Bugnet

In reading "En Ecoutant le Marechal Foch" (listening to Marshal Foch) even a pacifist would be moved with admiration before such an upright character, so sincerely described. Civilians as well as soldiers will find in these simple pages great lessons, strong principles that will help them in the conduct of their lives. The writer deals very little with facts but in relating and commenting on daily conversations with the hero he shows us the inner-soul of the great soldier, whose immortal name will rank side by side, even higher, than any conqueror's of the past, for his objective was not personal ambition but the accomplishment of a tragic duty. None with the exception of Joan of Arc, whose history Foch started to write when, at last he had to retire from active service, has shown such a sublime self-sacrificing spirit in his terrible task: such an abnegation in victory.

No pettiness, no bitterness, not even the appearance of hatred towards his enemies, Foch simply achieved the work for which he was called.

Realizing from the very beginning of the war the necessity of a unique command he used to say: "The Germans are not stronger than we are, they are united, that is all." Unfortunately, petty jeal-

ousy, ridiculous pride, chauvinism had to lengthen for years the most destructive war in history, to hinder the victory until desperation made Foch supreme commander. Appointed the head of the most heterogeneous army, he assumed all responsibilities. Still we see the man forced to use diplomacy in his supreme command. Night and day for seven months, he is at headquarters or rushing in a car along a front extended more than two hundred kilometers to raise again the failing courage of officers and soldiers until victory at last crowned his superhuman efforts.

On November 6 a radiogram announced to the world the departure of German representatives for the Western front. On November 9, the marshal, commandant of the Allied armies, met them at Rethonder station in his private car.

"It was the best day of my life," he said.

A great Christian, Foch found in his faith the peace of mind and the discipline that fitted the soldier, but he was far from being a mystic or a fanatic. He flatly refused to consecrate the Army to the Sacred Heart and to a Polish priest who asked him if it was true that St. Theresa of the Child Jesus had appeared to him and given him the victory, he answered that such a statement was pure legend.

How much he regretted for his country the failure of the Treaty of Versailles. But there also one man only was needed and there were four. "The Supreme Court of the Future will pass sentence on us, because the present generation will never understand how from victory has come failure."

"The policy of 'let it go' never benefits anyone, neither one party nor the other," he said.

And to end the review of this interesting book just these quotations: Referring to the work of the statesmen after the war:

"They build on the old. It is an old omnibus in which they try to put an engine. Would they make an auto of it?"

"Germany which must not have an army, is going to form a new skeleton that will meet the needs of the next war. While we, who have an army, are going to keep it as it is, out of date, burdened with obsolete rules and rankings."

"If I had to start my life again. I would not encumber myself with words. I would throw myself into the domain of facts and you would see what we would accomplish."

—JEANNE PIRENNE

THE PENINSULA PROWLER

NEWS OF THE NEW! The Prowler hand-picks interesting news from those distinguished shops and services which contribute so much to the fame of the Peninsula. Shoppers find it a helpful, time-saving service—worthy of attention, easy to read. Sellers find it a brief, brisk way to reach an intelligent and discriminating clientele at slight cost. Ask about rates.

Come all you young folks and everybody who's been bored, wondering if there wasn't something new to do. There is! And something mighty nice it is, too. For beginning this Saturday evening that favorite place of ours, **THE PILOT**, on fishermen's wharf in Monterey, will be open for dancing every evening—with a lively orchestra, amusing entertainment and a smart tap room presided over by that master-mixer, Billy Hageman, whom you've known at De Monte for several years. All this every night, in addition to the elegant food which I don't have to praise to Peninsula folks who get about. The good news is that there's no cover charge, that dinners are served as usual from 5:30 until 9 o'clock. A grand fish dinner for a mere 75 cents, and steak, chicken or chops for \$1. Steamed clams and abalone steak are simply swell right now! The pleasant, well-ordered atmosphere will please discriminating people—you'll probably meet a lot of people you know there and—if you're interested—the prowler, for I recommend it. **THE PILOT**, head of fishermen's wharf, Monterey.

WHAT DOES A MAN GIVE A MAN? or a wise holiday guest take to a sophisticated host or hostess? Don't guess—I'll tell you the right answer to that conundrum. A bottle of fine old Madeira, Port or Sherry, or a rare, imported liqueur. I said **FINE**—and in this part of the country that means **CARMEL DRUG**. The stock is garnered with that special, discriminating knowledge which is a delight to those with a continental knowledge of wines and liqueurs. The list includes the best of domestic and imported spirits. And—in case you need it—the advice of learned and trustworthy. **CARMEL DRUG**, Ocean avenue, Carmel.

WANTED someone who does fine French needlework, to repair a handmade French lace and georgette evening gown. Remuneration reasonable, but not sufficient to buy a new dress! This service is desired immediately. Box SOS, Controversy, Carmel.

PARENTS and POPULACE—remember this week's Adventure Pictures at **DENNY-WATROUS GALLERY**, "Across the World with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson—Featuring Three Boy Scouts in Africa". Fascinating! Children's matinee Saturday, 10 cents. Regular movie prices Fri. and Sat. evenings.

IT'S AN OLD SPANISH CUSTOM. Among the hardy adventurers who first met the California Indians, pure undiluted water was sometimes used as a beverage to quench the thirst. In one of the porous earthenware bottles made by the Indians in Mexico you can keep your drinking water fresh, clean and cool. Water drunk from any of the attractive forms and sizes of native water bottles sold by the **AZTEC STUDIO SHOP** is guaranteed not to rust your iron constitution.

THE SOFT LUSTRE OF FINE OLD SILVER would brighten a Christmas for that difficult, very special person who has everything. You'll find it—rare, beautiful old Sheffield and solid English silver—at the **SHOP OF ANTIQUES** in Carmel. There are four matched extension Sheffield candlesticks that would delight the heart of a collector or anyone with an eye for the dignified beauty of these lovely pieces. Mrs. Wick W. Parsons and Mary Louise Parsons, **ANTIQUES**, La Rambla Bldg., Lincoln street, Carmel.

YOU'LL MISS A LOT OF CHRISTMAS cheer if you forget to order one of Jane's fruit cakes—made from an old English recipe—and if you ever tasted anything half so good I'll eat it! You'll want an English plum pudding, too—or several, depending upon the size, which is anything you want from the individual on up...**JANE'S CAKE SHOP**, Seventh street, opposite Railway Express, Carmel.

TIRED OF TRITE TRIBUTES? Give the gift of good taste—a magazine subscription! Always thoughtful, always appreciated—and right for every name on your list! Include the ones you want for yourself, take advantage of a club order and save a lot of dollars and a lot of trouble—just drop into **EL FUMIDOR** on **DOLORES** street at 7th. in Carmel.

MY RAREST FIND—gifts actually two and three thousand years old! At **OLIVER'S** I discovered remarkable rings made from original old Roman and Greek coins which Mr. Oliver, himself, dug from the ruins of Pompeii. In handmade silver settings they make rings of great character and individuality. If Santa wants to know, I covet a small bronze one with a lovely dull gleam. But there are more than 100 coins to choose from which you may have mounted as you desire, and the price will amaze you—from \$3.50 for the smaller rings to \$12.50 for the massive ones for men. **OLIVER'S**, 120 Main Street, Monterey.

IF THE YOUNG LADY who dropped glove (accidentally) in Golden State Theatre loge the night of Dec. 11 will communicate with **Determined**, care of **Controversy**, the young man sitting next to her will be delighted to return same. Notice is hereby given that this ad will be run until answered, hence delay will mean less money for entertaining.

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E. H. TICKLE, Manager
CARMEL, CALIFORNIA

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Four miles south of Carmel
"Where Wintertime is Summertime"

A week or two ago a woman in the East asked her son, an undergraduate at Yale, what he would particularly like for Christmas.

He answered:

"I would like a visit to Lincoln Steffens."

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